SATURDAY, ... AUGUST 6, 1904

THE WAY TO SCHOOL.

The starting-point, the old back stoop, was gray with weather-wear,
A tribute of the freshest bloom a rose-bush offered there,
And white and scarlet hollyhocks shook dewdrops, silver-cool
Each morn, upon the straggling path that led away to school.

We sauntered leisurely between the aisles of vineyard bloom,
Then dipped, with arrow straightness, through the orchard-woven gloom,
Where trailing out where, mottled pink, the bergamot grew dense,
We struck the weedy angle of a stake-and-rider fence.

Small wonder that it loitered there, where berry bushes grew—
The brier-roses were so pink, the spider-wort so blue!
The misty opals of the dawn—beguiling youthful feet—
Had stored away amidst the grass and clover blossoms sweet.

But once beyond the fence's line, the path ran, straight and prim,
Where locusts interlocked their boughs and made the morning dim
With musky shade; then suddenly it took a headlong turn
And scrambled down a hollow through a snarl of brake and fern.

It led us to a lazy stream, and tempted us to lag
And gather pungent peppermint and root of fragrant flag;
The mandrake lured with golden fruit; the witch-elm wove a spell
That shattered at the echo of a loudly pealing bell.

Then straight from idle dallying the pathway firmly sped,
And up the heights, at duty's call, unswervingly it led;
And as with moist and scarlet cheeks our daily seats we took,
Unwittingly we closed a page of Nature's fairest book.

—Harriet Whitney Durbin, in Youth's Companion.

CHRISANTHE

By LAURA L. HINKLEY

I SAW her first at the flower show. Chrysanthemums were everywhere streaked and pied and spattered, yellow and bronze and purple and white and red, prim and stately, and flaunting, tousled, alluring monstrosities. I watched her from behind a towering array of blossoms, white but for a red streak down every petal.

She was style incarnate in every curve, with a great fluffy chrysanthemum at her breast. In spite of her slim, sprite-like girlishness I was aware of something in her passionate luxurious, unbounded, a sort of intense sympathy with the bouncing riot of the chrysanthemums.

Presently she came toward me with a light in her eyes and hands outstretched.

"We should know each other, monsieur! I am Mademoiselle Chrysanthe. Won't you come to see me?" She gave me her address, not repeating or trying to impress it on my memory, but as if assured that I would remember. "My day is Thursday." And she left me with a light nod, passing quickly from the room.

I stood astounded. I was tolerably familiar with the methods of adventuresses, but this person betrayed obvious wealth and breeding. Was she some one I ought to remember.. I knew she was not, yet her face had for me some dim, haunting reminder. Had she mistaken me for an acquaintance? Why then her absurd nickname and strange speech? "A clever adventuress," reason told me. Yet I went on the appointed day to her house.

It was on one of the quieter, but intensely respectable and decidedly smart streets. An imposing butler admitted me. I looked to see him change countenance when I asked for Mademoiselle Chrysanthe, but he bowed impassively and ushered me into a splendid and lavish drawing-room. Jardinieres of chrysanthemums stood about and a long mirror at one side repeated their bizarre luxuries of form and tint.

My hostess glided in. Her yellow house dress, adroitly garnished with ruffles and fluttering ribbon ends, simulated a prim, demurely wild chrysanthemum.

"I knew you would come," she said, giving me her hand. "You will want to see the conservatory. Not at home, James! Come, monsieur!"

The conservatory was immense and almost entirely devoted to chrysanthemums. She flitted about among them, bending her dainty head, with its black Japanese coils stuck through with long, twisted, amber pins.

Her fascination took violent hold on me, her weird, exotic mingling of extravagant and exquisite. But she would tell me nothing of her identity, nor would she let me reveal my own.

"No, no, monsieur. This and this," touching two splendid blooms, "need no names. Nor do we."

As I neared the door at last to take leave, half-suffocated with her witcheries—"I love you!" I said, abruptly.

She listened, silent, smiling, unmoved. I caught her roughly about the waist.

"Stop! Stop! I will call James!"

"I will come to-morrow," I said, and left her.

On the morrow I found her in the lavish drawing-room. She had given the place an accent of royal, gracious welcome by massing everywhere chrysanthemums of every tone and hue of purple. She herself was gowned in sumptuous purple velvet, adorned with falls of priceless lace, a more mature, ample and majestic presence than I had dreamed she could be. I was permitted to stay long and talk on every topic, but the forbidden ones of her identity and mine. I kissed her hard at parting.

The third time I went resolved to discover who she was and whether she reciprocated my passion. I no longer recognized myself. I was wild about her.

I found her robed in the very garb of passion—glistening red silk, barbarically splendid, with wonderful garniture of rubies and diamonds. About the room, here and there, a single crimson chrysanthemum echoed the note of her poignant personality. Awhile she eluded me, lithe and slender as flame; but at last my pleading touched her.

"I believe you do love me!" she cried. Her superb bosom swelled against its jewelled barrier.

"I love you more than life! Who ever and whatever you are, I love you!"

She gave herself to my arms and my lips had their will.

"But you don't know who I am!" she laughed, escaping.

"You are my wife to be! I have told you that the name of my family is honorably known to every man in the street. And our wealth is equal to our honor. Will you hear my name and tell me yours to-night.."

"Not to-night," she said, and her eyes grew suddenly dark and terrible. "Not to-night! To-morrow! But do not come till night!"

On the morrow night she was not in the drawing room when I entered. White chrysanthemums clustered in every available place, large, loose, crinkly-petalled abandon or delicate, staid reserve. I was vexed to see among them her favorite pied variety, white petals splashed and streaked with red.

Then she came, a seductive bridal vision in floating, glimmering white. I sprang forward.

"Wait!" She threw up her hand forbiddingly.

Her voice was clear and dulcet and self-possessed.

"I am Christine Tyrone."

"Impossible!" I gasped.

You remember the famous Tyrone murder case—every one does!—the California millionaire who was killed in his bed. The man's wife, 30 years younger, and her lover were implicated. Evidence showed the guilt of the woman at least, conclusively. But she was a woman and strangely beau-

"I LOVE YOU!" I SAID, ABRUPTLY.

tiful. The jury acquitted her and condemned the man.

All this went through my sickening brain. And—horror of horrors! That dim, haunting likeness in the face of Chrysanthe was for the newspaper pictures of the murderess!

"Yes, I killed him, my husband," she said slowly. "I hated him and he hated Roland. I struck the blow myself to spare Roland. But the jury—" Her face went suddenly white and wild. She beat her clenched hands against her breast. "Roland died to-day," she whispered, "in that western slaughter house!"

In an instant she mastered the wave of anguish, and became the woman I knew.

"You must forgive me for making you love me," she smiled. "I wanted to be loved once more. I thought it might help me to forget. And I chose fastidiously! But it has hardly worked, has it?" She laughed in my face. I shrank.

"Ah, you are shocked, monsieur. Wait! I will show you one of my pied chrysanthemums!"

She moved across the room toward a great bunch of the splotched beauties.

I wheeled away stricken and stunned. Raising my eyes to the mirror I just caught reflected the gleam and plunge of her lifted arm.

I whirled about. Too late! I was only in time to catch her as she fell. She herself pulled out the dagger, and the blood gushing forth streaked and stained her white gown.

Youngest British Admiral.

The youngest British admiral is only eight months old. The infant marquis of Donegal is the hereditary lord high admiral of Lough Neagh, but the office carries with it neither emoluments nor duties. It is an obsolete naval command, which dates from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when it was necessary to maintain a naval force on Lough Neagh to overawe the natives of Tyrone, Derry, Armagh and Antrim, with whom several actions were fought.

Priests Must Be Studious.

In an apostolic letter to the cardinal vicar general of Rome Pius X. has ordered that all candidates for the priesthood must before ordination have made a full course of theology for four years.

Another Record Broken.

The Chicago Record-Herald says that an American duchess has secured a divorce and resumed her maiden name. Doesn't this break a record?

Just an Average Boy.

Guest (at summer resort)—Yes, Johnny is a vigorous boy. He seems to be able to eat anything.

Proprietor—I've noticed that he seems to be able to eat everything.—Chicago Tribune.

The Deficiency.

"So Biffins' new patent food wouldn't sell?"

"No."

"I understand it was very good food, too."

"Yes. The food was all right. But the advertising pictures weren't funny enough."—Washington Star.

A Reminder.

"You may not remember me, Miss Summers," he said, "but I was engaged to you once."

"Indeed?" she replied coldly, "you have quite a memory for faces."

"No," he replied, glancing at her fair hand, "but I have for the rings I buy."—Philadelphia Press.

Lost Voice.

Their voices often, in duets,
Were heard some time ago;
But now to join no chance he gets,
For things have changed, you know.
Now they are wed, and she prefers
A solo part to sing,
And he, poor man, no longer has
A voice in anything.
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

IT GENERALLY DOES.

Poor Mrs. Japes—Yes, mum, and after that we gets behind in the rent.

District Visitor—And what was that owing to?

Poor Mrs. Japes—The landlord, mum.—Ally Sloper.

A Country Idyl.

We may beat our swords to plowshares
And our spears to pruning hooks,
And betake ourselves to farming
In the peaceful country nooks;
But we want them back as weapons
When we find at early dawn
That our neighbor's scraggy chickens
Have been scratching up our lawn.
—Tit-Bits.

Worse and More of It.

A customer going to the grocer said: "You seem angry, Mr. Peck."

"I am. The inspector of weights and measures has just been in."

"Ha, ha! He caught you giving 15 ounces to the pound, did he?"

"Worse than that. He said I'd been giving 17."—Tit-Bits.

Comparisons of Time.

The warship truly is a grand
But perishable trinket,
It takes five years to build it and
A half an hour to sink it.
—Washington Star.